



A NEW SONG ON THE
DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH
FROM IRELAND

Excuse this simple strain of mine
To sing a song I am inclin'd
I really think it is full-time
Concerning the prowess on
To see the gallant French away
Old Erin's Sons made no delay
So rich so grand was that display
It charm'd all the Valley
Good news the French they have well
known
To tell now in their native home
Such honour never yet was shown
As they got from old Erin
Hagz & banu re all around
Many a foe it did confound
Its rich its grate its lofty sound
Has gone all o'er the nation
Drum & trumpet did not fail
To echo then both hill & dale
Hurrah for the Sons of Granuwall
O'Neil & general Barkey
Trades there walk'd a many a one
All dazling as they mov'd along
The Forresters who join'd the throng
The rattling boys of Erin
The Carpenters & masons too
The Tanners they were rich to view
And Bricklayers with hearts most true
Sweet Dublin Cork & Limerick
The Skinners next they were not slack
With the Silk weavers at their back
The Taylors join'd them in a crack
They could not remain lonely
The Coach-makers & the Gooders gay
I seen them there upon that day
The Bakars two made no delay
Playing Garyown or Glory
Came Wicklow Wexford & Kildare
Waterford soon did appear
And sweet Kilkenny did not fail
They'd scorn to be shallow
Tipperary there I seen
And Erin's Daughters all in green
The world at an end would seem
That day in Kingstown Harbour
Where is the nation can compare
With injured Erin none my dear
In time of need it is most clear
She is generous & courageous
The trampel'd still she takes the sin
Her Sons indeed are brave & kind
Well its known in every clime
My matchless Nostrana
The Slaters to they look'd first rate
And there the painters was no cheat
And the Coal-porters stood up straight
With joy beyond express on
The Butchers too they were all great
And next the Sawyers under stand
Sober walk'd there every man
The beauty of that evening
Now to conclude my simple song
She gay & lovely they are gone
In all these I seen nothing wrong
May Heav'n bless their labour
And God be with the French I say
And may protect them land or sea
They were our friend in olden days